

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 61 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. ANGLIS SHAW, Treasurer, 61 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 61 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and
World for the United States
and Canada
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$9.75
Six Months.....\$1.25 One Month.....\$1.00

VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,831

MAKE IT THOROUGH, GOVERNOR.

The Evening World was first to insist that in the eyes of the people of New York any Public Service Commission in the State must bear its name so long as Edward E. McCall remained at its head.

Never has any newspaper received more unstinted credit for its efforts in behalf of the public than that given by Senator Thompson to The Evening World and its special investigator, who furnished the legislative committee with the facts which brought about the removal of Chairman McCall.

With the Thompson Legislative Committee, The Evening World stuck to the job of convincing Gov. Whitman that McCall must go. The Governor had a chance to perform his duty to the State last March. He dodged it then. This time he could not escape it.

The immediate case was plain. If McCall's "impression" as to what he did with his 387 Kings County Light shares was correct, then by failing to transfer the stock in the manner required by law he committed a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. If his story was only an eleventh-hour fabrication, then he was from the first disqualified for holding the office he accepted.

Either way there was no more question of his unfitness under the law than there has been for months of his gross neglect of duty, betrayal of public trust and insolent defiance of public opinion.

But with the removal of McCall the Governor's task is only begun. He now owes it to the State to restore the Public Service Commissions to the plane of public confidence upon which Gov. Hughes started them eight years ago. He can do this by co-operating with the Thompson committee in ridding them of the last taint of suspicion.

Make a clean job of it, Governor. Set all considerations, obligations, ambitions—personal or political—aside.

The service the people of New York State will appreciate most and remember longest is the complete rehabilitation of the Public Service Commissions by the appointment of men bound by no bonds, political or financial, to any interest save that of the public they are to serve.

With characteristic unvarnished Col. Roosevelt asserts that "Germany, Austria and Mexico" have waged war upon us with greater results in fatalities than occurred in the war with Spain, without our taking proper vengeance.

Let's see: Were not the dead Mexicans at Vera Cruz reckoned at more than 800? As the chief exponent of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," the Colonel ought to give fair credits.

A THRIFT CAMPAIGN.

TO CELEBRATE the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first savings bank in the United States, prominent bankers of the country are planning to begin with the New Year a campaign for the encouragement of thrift.

The American Institute of Banking will co-operate with the Bankers' Association, the National Civic Federation and the National Americanization Committee to reach all classes, including industrial workers and immigrants. The latter are now inclined to put their faith chiefly in United States Postal Savings Banks. It is hoped that with the help of lectures and moving pictures confidence in ordinary savings banks can be extended among newly arrived workers who have been accustomed in Europe to trust only their governments.

Last year the average savings deposit per capita in the United States was \$49.86. In Norway two years earlier it was \$52.42, in Germany \$67.73, in Denmark \$67.85 and in Switzerland \$86.47. Americans are reasonably enterprising. But obviously they hold no records for thrift. A Savings Bank Centennial is a good occasion to begin a try for one.

"It is inevitable," the American Bankers' Association Journal assures us in its current issue, "that the time is coming when this country will meet the test of financing practically the whole world." Is each of us going to be ready to do his bit?

The uplift is advertised as about to begin at the new Du Pont Powder City. Ought to be easy. Just touch 'er off!

Hits From Sharp Wits.

An office that has to seek the man has either a small salary or none, or else it requires much hard work.

Efficiency is telling somebody else how to do their work.

Some men owe their success to their ability to pick out competent subordinates. Albany Journal.

When an eccentric man hasn't piles of money he is a darn fool to people who know him.

Efficiency is also not making your-

self so much work you can't get it done.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No wonder so many men are interested in this talk about dreadnoughts. They married some.

The hardest work a man has to do sometimes, according to Jerome, is trying to land a job.

Letters From the People

Old Letter-Carriers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I write in behalf of old letter-carriers. The old fellows in the service (some Civil War veterans, with thirty to forty years to their credit), who through age are no longer able to deliver mail, instead of receiving a pension, as most people think they do, have been reduced, I am told, from \$1,200 to \$1,000 a year. When you compare this Government with some corporations and railroads which pension their old men, it looks as though it were foolish to give the best part of one's life to such employ.

Adjusting Taxes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Permit me to congratulate you on your recent editorials on taxes. Your program to reduce taxation is most excellent. A tax on the gross earnings of public utility corporations to bring them into

proper relation to the tax on real estate, and a tax to compel non-residents to pay their fair share in return for the advantage they gain from doing business in New York City, and a tax on bond and stock transactions in the financial district of New York City. From these sources alone real estate will be relieved of its taxation burden to the extent of millions of dollars. I have been actively engaged in the real estate business in New York City for over twenty years, during which time I have made a study of every factor having a bearing on realty values, especially taxation, and it would seem to me that your plan will solve the problem. ERNEST TRIBELBORN.

No. 410 East Thirty-Eighth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the address of the Bide-A-Wee Home for animals in New York City?

Barred!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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T was Mrs. Rangle calling; with her was Mrs. Hickett. "We can't stop a minute!" said Mrs. Rangle, speaking through her fur collar—which is the way of conversing in these days of feminine fur. "Oh, not a minute!" cried Mrs. Hickett. "We have so much to do." Then both ladies came in and sat down.
"I have a lot of shopping to do," remarked Mrs. Jarr, "but my maid has her day out. You know how servants are these days!"
This was a subject that roused them all. The three ladies began to tell what they endured at the hands of exacting and incompetent help, none listening to the others.
Little Emma Jarr, noting she was unnoticed, began to call attention to the fact that she was present by giving them an exhibition of clamorous coughing, the little dear being proficient in the art.
"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Rangle, "that sounds awful croupy. Croup is so contagious, one can carry it home in one's clothing." And she drew away from little Emma.
It is well known among womankind that the disorder of other people's children are virulently contagious. With one's own children it is different. Any disorder they may spread is regarded by their parents somewhat in the nature of passing a personal favor around.
"Oh, it's only a bad cold," spoke up Mrs. Jarr. "Emma catches cold at every little thing."
"Have you tried Balm's Bronchial Balm?" asked Mrs. Hickett. "I'm never without it in the house."
"I believe in the old home remedies," said Mrs. Rangle. "When my little Mary had such a bad cold I rubbed her chest with camphorated oil, and gave her hot foot baths and tar and honey, night and day, and in three weeks she was well."
"I was doing the same with Emma," said Mrs. Jarr. "I had her in bed with a flannel rag around her neck and she has taken it off. You can see she is in her nightclothes. Go back to bed, Emma, or I'll whip you."
The little girl paid no attention, but insisted on sitting on Mrs. Hickett's lap. Mrs. Hickett stirred uneasily, she thought of her children at home.
Mrs. Hickett then solved the problem by rising and declaring she really must go, whereas little Miss Jarr did a specialty in coughing, in comparison to which her first effort had been but an amateur try-out.
Mrs. Jarr immediately applied one of the very best of the old family rem-

The Gift You Give

—By Sophie Irene Loeb—

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ESTERDAY I was in a department store. Every counter was crowded with gift buyers.
These are trying times for the sales people, and I marvel at their patience. There was the stout woman who "just didn't know" what she wanted and was so good-natured about it. She smiled at the clerk behind the counter of miscellaneous Christmas gifts and asked what would be the most fit present to give a mother-in-law.
After two or three suggestions and the handling of many articles the shopper agreed to choose between an inkstand and an opera bag that might grace the arm of a debutante. After weighing the articles carefully in her hand, she finally confided in the clerk that the mother-in-law was such a hard-to-please individual that she would just go right home and make
were agreed that jail was too good for any woman who permitted her children to spread contagion. In fact, as none of the Rangle or Hickett children had any indication of croup, the late visitors agreed that children who had the croup came under the head of the physically deficient for whom it was a mercy if they did not survive.

How Men's Clothes Began

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No. 6—Haircuts and Whiskers.

HERE are two names that stand out like Woolworth Buildings in the history of haircuts and whiskers; one for a noble act; the other, alas! for a deed of evil consequence.
The first is the name of Peter the Great, who put through one of the biggest cleanups of all time. He soaked such a heavy tax on beards that he made the Russians cut 'em off. It was a cruel blow, and, they say, a man went up that would have drowned the noise of forty Niagaras.
The ship of scissors cutting through the Spanish mustachios and razors tearing through the dry, hard stubble was like the crackle of a thousand wireless instruments. Peter began the job by chopping off his alfalfa and then amputating, with his own hand, the whiskers of his courtiers.
The other name is that of the late Mr. Van Dyck—a sad example of the harm that can be done with a few brushes and a can of paint. Van Dyck didn't mean it that way, of course; but he advertised the awful pattern known ever since as "Van Dyck beards."
At first glance, some of the very old styles in haircuts and whiskers seem plain foolish, but they really appear to have had reasons for existing. Our own Indiana got first prize for real sportiness in the tenuous way. They shaved their heads, except for the scalplock, so that, if flicked in a fight, the victor could be more easily carried away a little souvenir of the happy occasion. The Chaldeans wore rows and rows of curls, and nice, spade-shaped beards. The Moham-

Editorials by Women

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

A FRIEND came to me the other day in the throes of tragedy because she had found her first gray hair. She brought with her also the dismal epigram that a woman is as old as she looks, but a man as old as he feels. So I told her that a woman is only as old as her heart, and for that reason we all know charming ingenues of eighty and wise old crones of eighteen. A woman's age is what she makes of it. In this country we have an unfortunate cult of the broiler, which some day some brave man will destroy by telling the cold truth—that broilers are not very good to eat. Neither are BOILERS, of course. I can see no excuse for the kitchy granny who does not realize that her place is by the fireside counting her hoard of memories. The important thing is to have memories to count.

There comes a time in all our lives—generally between thirty and forty—when we realize that we must put memories in the bank. We have come to know that most of life is neutral in color; that it has to be neutral to furnish the right background for our great moments. These may be of love; they may have the sacrificial glow of duty valorously done, or shine with the rare white light of intellectual creation.

Whatever their nature, they are the jewels hidden in the quartz of time, the rare red rubies of life. It is a very foolish woman who wishes to wear her rubies every day. It takes half of life to learn how to live. My friend with the first gray hair has garnered this lesson. She is a woman who likes men, and she had some horrible moments when she found them out—that is, when she discovered that in morals and emotions they are unlike women. To-day she has come to like them all over again, for what they are, not for what she thinks they ought to be. Surely, her one gray hair is a small price to pay for wisdom which has brought with it ripeness and charm and peace.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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DON'T waste time trying to break a man's heart; be satisfied if you can just manage to chip it in a brand new place.

What a man calls "conscience" is either a pain in his vanity when he knows that he has done something particularly foolish, the moral ache that comes and goes with a headache, or the mental action that follows a sentimental reaction.

Alas! it is SO hard for a girl to find a man who dresses like those on the magazine covers, makes love like a moving-picture hero, and yet has time to earn a living!

A bachelor likes your flattery delicately disguised and slightly diluted—but a married man can swallow it "straight" without a quiver.

Of course, a girl's first duty is to be kissable; but what encouragement is there to suffer at the dentist's, chew violet drops, resist potato salads and keep continually biting your lips, just in order to be kissed by a cross between the aroma of a cocktail and the flavor of a stale cigarette, beneath a whisk-broom rampart?

Pessimism is merely the natural reaction after too much of anything—love, food, Christmas, wine, flirtation or marriage.

Of course, every woman likes to be called an "angel," but it's awfully fatiguing trying to keep your halo on straight with the constantly changing styles in morals and hairdressing.

Most of "woman's subtle mystery" is a combination of sachet, rice powder and masculine imagination.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

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THE retailer complains of the jobber's ill gotten gains and the consumer doubts the value of the retailer's efforts.

Here is the jobber's defense, and it sounds very convincing:

"No single manufacturer could afford to work my territory as intensively as I do. I carry the lines of many manufacturers. My salesmen represent all those lines."

The retailer bases his claim for consideration on the ground that the "bas what we want when we want it." "You don't see me growing very rich," he challenges. "Figures prove that not 25 per cent. of the retail grocers of this country have enough surplus capital to avail themselves of the cash discount offered by the jobber. Nor have you noticed the sporadic experiments made here and there in this country in co-operative consumer retailing scoring a startling success. I simply maintain a local warehouse for the storage of the articles you require. And I add to this service delivery service. My profit is merely a salary you pay me for all this."

Factors of service, convenience, speed of delivery—all these must be considered in comparing methods of distribution. Consequently it is quite probable that every channel covered in this article will continue its function for a great many years to come.

First Aid to Christmas Shoppers

FURS will be a popular Christmas gift this year, and in most cases it is the men who are the purchasers. Many of them leave the selection to the prospective recipient, but these pre-holiday gifts usually mean a more or less disappointed Christmas day. Others take a feminine friend into their confidence, thus ensuring a wise selection.

If the gift is to be a coat there is nothing more serviceable than seal, which now has the greatest demand. The collar and cuffs may be of beaver, fox, mink, skunk, raccoon or caracul. Probably the 40 to 48-inch length would be the most practical, but if the woman is quite young and slender the fashionable short coat will be very chic. If she is inclined to stoutness the semi-fitted models with modified flare skirts should be selected or one of the modified ripple effects. The full flare is most suitable for the mink or slender woman. The popularity of the fur coat eliminates the necessity of a neckpiece and so separate muffs are featured for the mink or slender woman. The round muff can be had in many smart models, but there still seems to be a preference for the mink shaped muff—that is a semi-

The Wind.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

DO you hear the wind blowing last night—
Did it tear at your windows and rattle
And roar like a giant in anguish.
Till morning came, frightened and
Did you see the clouds scud in a fright,
Like soldiers retreating from battle,
Leaving their wounded to languish
And die on the field of affray?
Did you hear the wind crying in pain,
Could you understand what it was saying—
Its message repeating, repeating,
Repeating till coming of day,
Like a conscience awakened in vain,
Too late for repenting or praying—
Did you hear how its wild wings were beating
Like giant waves dashing to spray?